

## SALMAGUNDI, No. VIII.

*Saturday, December 18, 1819.*

### FROM MY ELBOW CHAIR.

THAT every age is as it were an improved edition of the preceding one, and that in the natural course of events, the human race is making a gradual advance to a state of comparative perfectability in knowledge and virtue, I think cannot be doubted by an accurate observer of what is going on in the world. The daily discoveries in science; the vast improvements in the mechanical arts; the immense number of societies for disseminating religion, and bettering the morals of the race of mankind—and above all the prodigious advances made of late years in the mode of educating children, cannot fail in due time of producing that great consummation, denominated the Millennium.

The present age is however most particularly distinguished, for the singular improvement

made in the mode of instruction generally pursued among civilized nations, which notwithstanding it had been somewhere about six thousand years in practice, was, it is pretty well demonstrated, founded in an utter ignorance of the nature of the human faculties, as well as their manner of developing themselves. Indeed when we consider the march of the world in arts, science, and general knowledge, we cannot help acknowledging the natural and innate vigour of the human mind, which was enabled to make so great a progress, notwithstanding the obstacles thrown in its way by such a preposterous system of education. The wonder is not that people continued so long in comparative ignorance, but that they acquired so much under so many disadvantages.

In contrasting the systems pursued by the worthy Thomas Dilworth, once of renowned memory, but now of no memory at all, and his equally worthy successors down to the present time, with that of Messrs. Pestalozzi, and the heads of the new school, it will be found that they are distinguished by a radical and fundamental difference. The former began with teaching children the simple elements, and so proceeded, step by step, from letters to syllables, from syllables to words, and from words to sentences.

It was supposed, with what a mistaken simplicity I shall demonstrate in the sequel, that this slow, gradual, and laborious method of imbibing the first principles of education, was best adapted to the strengthening of the memory, as well as the disciplining and maturing of those faculties which in their combined operation constitute what is called human reason. Experience had taught them, that the greater the difficulty in making an acquisition, the more likely it is to be properly valued and properly used—and that things easily learned, are as easily forgotten. But experience is only an infallible guide to a certain point; it can tell us what have been the consequences of past discoveries, and alterations; but it is no prophet, to disclose those hidden sources of improvement which lie dormant in the womb of the future, until some chosen genius, wakes them into life and usefulness.

Such a chosen genius was at last found, who completely exposed the folly of the idea of a gradual development of the youthful faculties, and clearly demonstrated, that the human mind was of the nature of an anti-climax; consequently the proper method of cultivating it, was to teach the higher branches first, by which means, from a natural effect of mental gravity, the mind would descend with a most agreeable facility

down into the region of the simple elements. It was argued, and the position was certainly impregnable, that *if* a child could be brought to comprehend a word, it must of necessity also comprehend the syllables and letters which composed it, and consequently *if* the word was taught first, it would be quite unnecessary to descend to the labour and wanton waste of time, consumed in the acquisition of the aforesaid elements. In short, the axiom was almost self-evident that a knowledge of the whole included a knowledge of all the parts, and the only doubt remaining was with respect to the possibility of a child, comprehending that whole without being first initiated into a perception of the minor parts.

It was on this ground objected to this admirable system, that it was tasking the youthful mind beyond its strength, by thus rendering a premature exertion of the faculties necessary, at a period when such exertion was calculated to weaken, if not destroy its elasticity. It was not to be expected, they maintained, that the intellects of a child could all at once expand to the comprehension of a combination, without first being made to understand the constituent parts, and consequently to teach in this preposterous manner, was to make a parrot of a child, by

causing it merely to repeat sounds it did not understand.

It is often found, that the greatest and most important truths are elicited by opposition. Inventors are almost always obliged to task their minds for arguments to meet the objections of their opponents, who thus not unfrequently lead them into the true methods of perfecting a discovery which was at first incomplete. Thus it happened, that the last and greatest improvement in the system of education in this country, was suggested, by the cavils of these enemies to the progress of mental improvement. Accordingly, to these objections it was triumphantly replied, that, if the infant mind was too weak to comprehend the abstract idea of the whole of any thing, without first becoming acquainted with its parts, this objection could not apply to the thing itself. As the senses were the medium of all our knowledge, to present to the eyes, nose, mouth, and finger ends of the scholar, the very thing itself, instead of puzzling his brain with a vague and unsatisfactory definition, which at best conveyed nothing more than an idea, was necessarily the best and shortest way of enabling him to gain a thorough knowledge of its nature and properties.

Accordingly all appeals to the understanding, except through the medium of the senses, were very properly discarded, in the seminaries where this improved system was adopted. Instead of the slow, one might say, endless progression, by which the youthful mind had hitherto gained the vestibule of the temple of knowledge, and in which the blooming spring time of life was entirely consumed, they were now conducted by a short cut, as it were, into the very arcanum of the temple itself. And this too was attained without study or reflection. Without the labour of investigation, they became as wise as their teachers themselves, and like the sportive birds, that neither toiled or spun, were arrayed in the bright mantle of scholarship without the degrading necessity of intellectual labour. The fair forms of science and of knowledge, were presented naked before them, instead of being enveloped in the gorgeous mantle of words, and they had only to open their eyes, to see, and comprehend. The teacher was the depository of all knowledge, and nature was his book. He walked forth with his pupils into the fields, and the woods—he introduced them to the acquaintance of every thing animate, and inanimate. The earth, the skies, the whole universe, was as a map, for the study of the lively

candidate for knowledge, who thus gathered his information from the fountain head, and embraced the substance, instead of pursuing the shadow of knowledge.

An acorn was a subject for a lecture, on that mysterious power of reproduction, which ordains with all the certainty of fate—that the acorn, and the acorn alone shall produce the oak—while the smallest insect, afforded an example of that still more mysterious organization of matter, which gives motion, life, and consciousness to those elements, which in their simple state are destitute of either. Every object in nature, in short, afforded the subject of a lecture, and it was only for the pupil to ask questions, instead of stupifying himself with books, to become as wise as his teacher. This was truly delightful; but it was discovered in a little time, that there was a species of knowledge, a class of ideas, and a mode of ratiocination, altogether independent of mere matter, and into which the mind could not be conducted, through the avenue of mere sensible objects. This difficulty led to the discovery of what may be called the climax of the perfectability of this exquisite system. It produced the *Grammatical Mirror* and the *Grammatical Bar*, and no doubt will lead to the invention of a series of machinery,

combining matter, motion, and allegory, or hieroglyphick; and equally calculated to instruct our youth, not only in the comprehension of mere sensible objects, but also to initiate them into all the abstruse subtleties of the most involved metaphysical discussions.

I confess I had seen occasional notices of these extraordinary machines in the public newspapers, but considered them quite as ridiculous, as the discovery of perpetual motion, and the pretensions of the inventors, as on a par with those of a quack doctor, to skill in medicine, or a politician to honesty. It was not until last Saturday, when I received the following extraordinary letter, that I became convinced of the utility of these astonishing inventions. I determined to lose not a moment in giving them a proper introduction to our readers. Indeed, to say the truth, the present number is published two days earlier than it was originally contemplated, in order to give the world the full benefit of these blessed contrivances, as early as possible. It is incredible what benefits may result from them, to the people at large and especially to bank directors, practitioners of the law, and itinerant ministers of the gospel, whose early education has been neglected. Not to keep the reader waiting any longer, I

transcribe the letter which gave rise to these speculations, premising that I have not altered a single word, or corrected a single grammatical error.

## TO LAUNCELOT LANGSTAFF, ESQ.

SIR,

Understanding your paper has a great circulation, not only in the cities, but throughout all parts of the country, I have chosen it as the medium for doing justice to the merits of certain teachers of grammar, and chirography, and tachigraphy—commonly called writing-masters. The world is not sufficiently aware of the wonderful utility of their newly discovered methods, notwithstanding the extraordinary care taken to set forth their merits in newspapers and hand-bills, and the consequence is, that our children, as well as many grown-up persons, continue to waste their time in vain attempts to learn grammar and chirography by the old exploded methods, whereas were they only to resort to the new, they might master the former in sixty hours, and the latter in three lessons.

As this is an incredulous world, and apt to discredit every novelty, I shall be very particular in the details of my own case, for the purpose of putting down all opposition, by a plain

statement of facts, You must know, Sir, I am one of those unfortunate young fellows that pass for blockheads at school, principally owing to the defects of the present prevailing mode of teaching. I had much ado in learning to read, and after two years unwearied application, managed to compose a sort of hieroglyphicks, which might be mistaken for writing by near sighted people, by means of being knocked over the knuckles half a dozen times of a morning. As to spelling, that was out of the question, for I was so taken up with forming my letters, that I had no time to attend to any thing else. This, I understood, was altogether owing to my not being taught by the analytical mode, which has lately been adopted with such wonderful success. But as I told you before, the blame was all laid to my door—the boys called me dunce—the teacher rapped me over the knuckles—and my poor father and mother began to think of putting me out to a trade instead of making me a lawyer, as they all along intended.

But my chirographical difficulties were nothing, compared to my grammatical miseries, which were of so aggravated a nature, that I actually came near to resolve myself into an interjection, and exhale in a sigh. I went three times through Murray's Grammar, which I

learned every word by heart, until I could actually repeat it in my sleep, and yet I solemnly declare to you, that the utmost I could do, was to distinguish the singular from the plural, and the masculine from the feminine gender. You would scarcely believe, from this letter, what work I made with Syntax, and how I jumbled the moods and tenses together, to the utter confounding both of sense and grammar. Though I could decline the nouns and conjugate the verbs, as set down in the book, I could never, for the soul of me, apply these rules any where else. One day my master got out of patience, fell into the imperative mood, gave me a great knock on the head with a mahogany ruler, and sent me home bleeding, with his best compliments, and a particular request never to see my face again. This put the finishing stroke to my education, I went to school no more. My father desired me to make choice of some handicraft trade to learn, but I delayed from time to time, under pretence of not being able to make the selection, for I had a sort of innate consciousness that nature intended me for one of the liberal professions.

By great good luck, before I could bring my mind to a decision on the matter just mentioned, my father happened to see the advertise-

ment detailing the extraordinary properties of a certain newly invented machine for teaching grammar in sixty hours. He was excessively pleased with the notion set forth by the ingenious inventors, "of employing the perceptive faculties in conveying to the mind the whys and the wherefores," together with the happy plan for banishing those "arbitrary symbols," vulgarly called letters, which ought not to be tolerated in this republican country, where all arbitrary power is disclaimed, and more particularly, because although they pretend to convey ideas to the mind, they "are not the resemblances of ideas"—Confound the impostors!—they were the cause of my passing for a blockhead so long, as I soon afterwards discovered. In short, my father was unutterably delighted, to learn from these advertisements, that there was actually in New York, a machine "which exhibited a manifest representation of all parts of the human speech—which imparted information more expeditiously than words—which presented an exact imitation of the agent with its cases—of the object with its passions—of the substantive with its genders—and of the action, with its manners and its times." For my part, I neither believed a word of all this, nor could I comprehend how the gen-

ders could be represented in a mirror, as this machine was called, in any tolerably reputable manner.

However, my father was resolved to try what virtue there was in machinery, and forthwith gallanted me off to this wonderful mirror—and wonderful it was I do assure you. It put me in mind of a show box, where you see every thing in a minute, and travel over the whole world in less than a quarter of an hour. The principal difference between them was, that you could see all the wonders of the show-box for six-pence, whereas a peep into the wonderful *looking-glass* was rather more expensive.

My father would have me take a lesson immediately, justly considering that no time was to be lost in completing my education. So, the showman, I beg pardon, the lecturer, put his machinery in motion. The different parts of speech being the elements of the science of Grammar, as he justly observed, he first passed them in succession before the looking-glass, like the shades of Banquo's race. First came the little articles, which the lecturer observed were so difficult to represent by any substance, that he was obliged to resort to the "arbitrary symbols" of letters to describe them. Then came forth two figures, male and female, the former of which

in passing before the mirror, made a bow, and the latter a curtsey. They stopt just in the middle. "These now" quoth the lecturer "are what we call substantives, because they are made of substance—now for the adjective. It is only to ask the question, 'What sort of people are these,' and the adjective pops in upon us without being called—it is a good man, a virtuous woman—a bad man or a worthless woman. You see the *quality* of the substantive is thus clearly defined." He then proceeded to illustrate, by exhibiting the distinction between the masculine and feminine gender, and dismissed the substantives by putting them through the tenses, ending with the past.

Afterwards he called them before the glass once more, to assist in giving another "manifest representation of all parts of speech." "You see, sir, they now stand perfectly still—they are then mere simple substances—incapable of action or passion until I give the word—walk"—cried he in an authoritative tone, and presently the figure moved. "See"—continued our lecturer—"they WALK—walk is the verb, gentlemen,—'tis as plain as day, none of your letters, your arbitrary symbols for me." After this he proceeded to exhibit more "manifest representations of all the parts of speech" togeth-

er with their various attributes. I should tire you were I to particularize them all, and will therefore only notice some of the most remarkable.

There was a verb active, in the form of a little fellow dressed in a fireman's cap, and running about apparently crying fire, and making the most furious gesticulations. Next appeared a passive verb, sitting demurely in a corner, as it were contemplating the bustling little fellow in the fireman's cap, and occasionally wringing her hands, as if it was all over with her, and there was no use in any further exertions. The verb neuter was personified by a New York federalist, standing aloof at an election, to see which party was likely to carry the day. After this trio had passed before the mirror, I took the liberty to remark, that, as he had a little before given "a manifest representation" of the part of speech called a substantive, by a human figure, it seemed rather calculated to produce a confusion of ideas, to make human figures the manifest representation of the parts of speech called verbs also. The lecturer easily satisfied me by saying, that in order to get rid of those "arbitrary symbols" called letters, he was obliged to resort altogether to sensible objects—and as men and women were the most sensible

objects he was acquainted with, he preferred them to all others. From this he proceeded to other illustrations. The copulative conjunction was represented by a little man in black, with a band like a parson, which our lecturer pronounced the happiest "manifest representation" of a part of speech he had ever seen—"Because," said he, "as the conjunction unites the different parts of a sentence, so does the parson bring together the different sexes, thereby producing the identical part of speech we are now considering." I asked him how he managed with the disjunctive conjunction—when he produced and held before the glass, with infinite self-complacency, a view of *Doctors Commons*, where he informed us divorces were obtained in England. The last "manifest representation" of a part of speech, was a personage somewhat resembling a methodist preacher, who as he passed before the mirror, threw up his eyes, sighed ever and anon very deeply, and at length exclaimed "Ah me!" "Ah!" cried our brisk lecturer, "that is my little interjection, and with him we will conclude our first lecture."

He then dismissed us, after appointing a time for a second lecture. For my part, I may safely say, that now for the first time had I any distinct perception of the nine parts of speech. My

comprehension became all at once enlarged to the reception of this crooked and complicated science, and I actually felt as if I could compose a Grammar out of hand. But I have already extended my communication beyond all reasonable bounds, and must content myself with telling you that in sixty hours I became a complete proficient in the occult mysteries of Grammar, in proof of which I adduce this letter, which I beg you will lay before the world as soon as possible, that no time may be lost by the young gentlemen who, like me, learned their grammar without understanding it.

I am, Mr. Langstaff,

Your friend and servant,

JEDEDIAH GOSHAWK.

P. S. I am now studying French with a gentleman who teaches it in sixty lessons, provided he is paid beforehand.

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### THE OLD FERRY HOUSE.

EVERY one is acquainted with the little old fashioned house in Broad-street, on the right

hand side coming up from the river, which was formerly the *Ferry House*, where people embarked for, and landed from, the opposite shores. It is a two story structure, built with Holland bricks, covered with Holland Tiles, and exhibiting the old fashioned Dutch taste, in every part. The end is turned towards the street, and the roof is sufficiently steep to turn the rain, it having probably occurred to the simple folk of those days, that this was the principal use of having a roof at all. Some years ago, I remember to have seen a little sheet-iron boat perched on the sharp pinnacle of this old building, and veering about in the wind, like a trusty weathercock; but this is now taken down, nor can I learn what has become of the venerable relique, which, to my shame I confess, I should value were it my possessive, almost as highly as a Babylonian brick, or even the head of Memnon, lately so gallantly cut off by the famous modern travelling Quixote M. Belzoni.

It was here the people of the country round, were in the habit of coming to land with their marketing, and here they were accustomed to wait, till the boats were ready to carry them over again. At the time referred to, from Corlaers Hook to the point of the battery, was a naked beach of sand, with here and there a lit-

tle projecting point of rocks, and the space between Broad-street, and the East river, presented a few detached houses, dispersed at intervals, and surrounded by little gardens. The name of Cherry-street, is said to be derived from the circumstance of its being laid out through a large public garden, in which was the only bowling green in the city, and where on a Saturday afternoon the wealthy people who could afford to be idle a few hours in a week, resorted to play at bowles, or look on, and smoke their pipes. Beyond this, lay the meadow of Wolfert Webbers, of whom nothing I believe is known, but his name.

Somewhat more than a century ago, the little old Ferry House, I have just been describing, was the scene of an event, which is related in an old diary of one of the Cockloft family, still preserved at the hall with pious care by his worthy descendants. This old gentleman, like all the rest of the family, was somewhat of a humourist, although possessed of a very considerable degree of learning, and a more than ordinary degree of common sense; for after all I believe it will be found in general that those we denominate humourists, are for the most part, people who choose to think and act for themselves in defiance of the caprices of fashion, or

the changes of manners. He resided entirely at his farm, and with all his eccentricities, was a man of singular method as well as exemplary industry, and his feelings were so quick, that they often exhibited themselves, in rather an odd way. It is still remembered, that on one occasion when a little daughter fell from the steps of the porch, to the great alarm of the whole family, the old gentleman actually snatched her up, and boxed her ears soundly. Most people would have taken this for sheer tyranny, but I am assured it proceeded entirely from an excess of affectionate terror. His diary is exceedingly minute, and contains, not only his actions, but his reflections on almost every subject, together with various extracts from the books he read, interspersed with receipts for curing horses, trimming apple trees, killing caterpillars, and making all sorts of savoury dishes. To this day my worthy cousin Christopher, never gives a dinner, without telling the story of the old gentleman always warming his wine, and trimming his apple trees on the back of an old white horse, which with singular aptitude, he called old Brown.

The following little story is detailed in the hand writing of this old gentlemen, but whether related as having occurred to himself or from

the information of some other eye witness is somewhat doubtful. I should rather be inclined to believe the latter supposition correct, as he died just at the end of the revolutionary war, and though upwards of ninety years of age, could hardly have been so conspicuous an actor in the scene. Be this as it may, the whole is carefully recorded in his diary, and in immediate succession to the following memorandum:

“April ye 12th.—Unpleasant weather—wind N. N. E.—I think it will blow a gale—no blossoms yet—Dutch nightingales quiet.”

“It was on the evening of the 12th of April, one thousand seven hundred and four, and a bitter evening it was, as ever I saw at that season of the year. The north east had encreased gradually, ever since morning, and now blew a terrible storm of wind, accompanied by rain that spit in the face like drops of boiling water. The river was as black as my hat, except where the *white caps*, curled like winding sheets round shipwrecked mariners, buried in the roaring waves. There was not a boat to be seen, either on the rivers, or in the bay; not a sail enlivened the bosom of the watery waste, and nothing was heard, but the sad shrill shriek of the wind which mastered every other sound.”

"No boat had come over from the opposite shore, since early in the morning, and the market people, sat waiting in the Ferry House, with the querulous impatience of people in such situations. One good woman had left her poor little child to the care of a girl that she feared would neglect her; another had her dairy to attend to, and various were the alledged inconveniences that would result from the detention of the others from their home all night. There was not one but could have been better spared any other night in the whole year. Every instant some one would run out into the pelting storm, to look which way the little ferry boat on the top of the house pointed, and whenever a bitter flaw howled louder over their heads, their eyes were turned towards each other with a woeful expression implying, 'We shall never get over to night.'

"In the midst of this war of hopes and fears, arising out of the little rubs of every day life, seated in one of the darkest corners of the room, was a figure apparently little interested in the struggle. It was a very old man, if one might judge by the few hairs, as white as snow, that strayed from under a low wide brimmed hat looped up at the back, but shading his face so that nothing could be seen but the mouth and

chin, that ever and anon, moved with a tremulous motion, which might either arise from a slight affection of the palsy, or of the heart. There was little to mark him from the common people around; but notwithstanding his dress was not only plain but thread bare, a gold headed cane, and large square silver buckels, seemed to indicate, that at least he had seen better days. In the accidental assemblage of people, having little or no connexion with each other, and every one occupied by his own cares, hopes, and fears—some amusing themselves counting over their market money, others occupied in the usual predictions of weather-wise and weather-bound travellers, it was not probable such a figure, so silent, abstracted and unobtrusive, would excite either interest or curiosity. He might be deaf, dumb, or asleep, it was a matter of no sort of consequence; for it is a melancholy truth, that the aged are very often placed in situations, where if they did not excite it by querulous complaints, they would meet with but little attention from those around them.

“ But he happened, I can hardly tell for what reason, to excite my curiosity, perhaps something better. I know not whether it has occurred to others, but it has to me—to see persons carrying in their very costume, figure, and air,

something almost as pathetic, as a story of actual suffering. I could never analize this mysterious sympathy, nor give a reason for it; but I am convinced there is a pathetic in dress and air, as well as in language and expression. Thus, notwithstanding the speechless, and motionless quiet of this old man, I could not help fancying he must be labouring under some intense feeling of grief or anxiety. As I watched him with an unaccountable interest, I observed that at every shrill blast of the wind, he seemed to shrink, as if from some terrible apprehension, heightened by the conviction thus brought to his senses, that the storm was raging more fiercely than ever. I could also occasionally distinguish the long tremulous, shuddering sigh, which relieves the overcharged heart, when the fountains of the eye are no longer able to supply the comfort of tears.

“ It was now the dusk of evening; the candles were lighted within doors, and the great lantern hung out, as a beacon to those who might be on the water in that tempestuous night. The master of the house now came in to still the agitations of hope, by announcing there was now no possibility of crossing that night. The important arrangement of beds now began to occupy the company, which concluded, the industrious dames took

out their knitting, or resorted to some other occupation to turn the time to advantage till the hour for going to bed. While there arrangements were going on, the old man sat still apparently unmoved—his head resting on the cane which he held between his legs, and except that his sigh was deeper than before, when he heard that no boat could possibly cross that night, he appeared perfectly uninterested in what was going forward.

“ Eight o’clock now came, and brought with it an increase of the pelting storm. The wind whistled with more angry vehemence, and in those appalling intervals of solemn silence that happen sometimes in the pauses of the gale, the waves were distinctly heard dashing all along the shore from Smith’s Fly, to the junction of the rivers. There was not a footstep passing in the street, and the very dogs, abandoned their nightly serenades and nightly depredations, to couch in the chimney corners. The eyes of the good dames, who were accustomed to go to roost with the fowls, with whom they rose, began to draw straws, and they set about to arrange themselves in pairs for the night, in whispers that passed almost unheard amid the howlings of the storm.”

“In the midst of this dread silence of animated nature, crouching as it were, to the awful violence of the tempest, the street door opened with violence, and some one came in who in a hurried voice related something to the master of the house, which those within could not well distinguish. Curiosity induced one of the company to open the door, and they then heard the new comer, giving information that a boat which had put off from the opposite shore just before dark, had been driven past the inlet leading up to the Ferry House, and either overset among the eddies, and whirlpools, or bilged upon the point of rocks, for they had heard dismal shriekings, and could plainly distinguish a female voice among them.

“‘It is my daughter’—cried the old man in a voice where the weakness of age was blended with the energy of despair. Striking his stick upon the floor he raised himself with a desperate effort, and as he tottered to the street door besought every one that ever had a mother, wife or daughter, to follow and give assistance. I snatched the lantern from the place where it was suspended, and in attempting to follow, had almost tumbled over the body of the old man, which lay extended at full length at the foot of the outer steps. As I stopped to raise him, he

exclaimed in low and tremulous, yet earnest accents—" My strength is gone—dont mind me, but go, in God's name, I beseech you, and save my child.

" I bent my way, as fast as possible, which was slow enough, for the darkness was profound, towards the river side; but before I got half way, the wind blew out my light, and obliged me to return for another. The poor old man by this time had been helped into the house, and placed in an arm chair, where he sat apparently unconscious of what was going forward, for the weakness of extreme debility of body, had yielded to the strength of feelings that seemed as yet in the vigour of youth.

" I once more set forth followed by the person who had brought the account of the boat, and two others. We groped our way along the creek, till we came to the water side, where nothing could be seen but one black void of pitchy darkness, and nothing heard but the mingled jargon of whistling winds and roaring waves. In a few minutes, however, during one of the momentary pauses of the storm, it seemed that we could distinguish a low plaintive moaning at a little distance to the right of where we stood, and where, as I recollect, a point of rocks projected into the river, elevated a few

inches above the level of the high tides. We followed the direction, and after searching about for some time, we perceived by turning the lantern in that direction, something white, but whether it was a stationary object, or the foam of the high waves breaking over the rocks, could not be ascertained without approaching nearer. For my part, I had a foreboding that the exclamation of the father was the knell of his daughter. Taking the lantern, I scrambled to the place where lay the body of a female apparently perfectly dead, and motionless, except as the waves moved it to and fro, with an undulating motion, keeping time with their own.

“With the assistance of my companions, we removed it from the point of rocks, and carried it up to the Ferry House. The bustle we made, and the exclamations of the company, on our entrance, seemed to recal the absent and wandering perceptions of the old man. The moment his eye rested upon the lifeless body, he rose with the quick alacrity of youth, and breaking violently through the circle that had gathered about it, he contemplated it for a moment, as if unable to realize the dreadful calamity. His cane dropt from his feeble hand, and he sunk upon the lifeless body crying out—‘My daughter—alas! my only daughter.’

“ There is something terribly affecting in the despair of an aged father, lamenting what by no possibility can be remedied, and mourning in the anguish of hopeless sorrow the sundering of those ties which there is no possibility of knitting again in this world. In youth we weep for the slightest calamities, and almost before the eyes are dry, the little skin deep wounds of the heart are well again. But the tears of a rational old man, whose mind retains its native energies, are the last wringings of agony—the concentrated drops of excruciating suffering—the very waters of bitterness overflowing from the heart’s core, and they are wrought by a convulsion of the human mind and human frame, similar to that which precedes the dissolution of both.

“ The effect of such sufferings was seen in the behaviour of the little group of honest people that stood in awful and inactive silence, without taking any measures to ascertain if yet a spark lingered in the apparently extinguished ashes. In a few minutes, however, we bethought ourselves of trying all the means we knew to bring about a return of animation, if any yet remained. We carried the bodies up stairs, both apparently equally lifeless, and essayed over and over again to awaken the poor girl from a

slumber that seemed endless. Just as we began to despair of success, one of the women insisted she felt a slight beating at the heart, which was actually found to be the case. This information brought the father to life again. He continued to kneel at the bed-side, with clasped hands, beseeching, as it seemed, a blessing on the exertions of these good people.

“Gradually, almost imperceptibly, life returned. The young woman shuddered, and opened her eyes upon the father, who was still on his knees. In a moment, and before any one thought of preventing it, they were locked in each other’s arms. ‘O! why did you venture out in such a night as this,’ were the first words of the father.—‘Ah! father, I was afraid you would be uneasy,’ were the last words, of the unfortunate daughter. The exertion was the expiring effort of nature. Sliding gradually from the relaxing arms of the aged parent, who watched her with wild and glazed eyes, she fell back upon the pillow, at the moment he sunk on the floor. The poor girl, as was afterwards discovered, had been sadly bruised against the rocks, and nothing could have preserved her life even a few hours longer.

“The old man came to himself again after a time, and was conveyed, together with the body

of his daughter, to the home, where there was now no longer any one to welcome the aged pilgrim. I saw him afterwards occasionally, dressed in a suit of rusty black, which he wore to the day of his death. He evidently remembered, but never spoke to me, nor I to him. He seemed to associate me as if almost unconsciously, with some painful yet vague recollections, and ever after avoided me as much as possible. Enduring life, without enjoying it, he passed his remaining years in the solitude of a home devoid of every object of social or kindred affection, or in wandering about, a witness of the bustle in which he never partook, and of human faces for which he felt no interest. Such as he was, I never saw him without feeling tears in my eyes, for he was a woful example of one dwelling in a wilderness once peopled with objects of affection, but now a blank and melancholy waste. What indeed would become of us in such a situation, were it not for that sweet hope of hereafter, to which the broken spirit clings firmly and fearlessly, and which like the lighthouse beacon in the storm, shines brighter and brighter to the eyes of the sailor, as he approaches the land where his frail barque is destined to break asunder, and his soul and body to part forever."

slumber that seemed endless. Just as we began to despair of success, one of the women insisted she felt a slight beating at the heart, which was actually found to be the case. This information brought the father to life again. He continued to kneel at the bed-side, with clasped hands, beseeching, as it seemed, a blessing on the exertions of these good people.

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A DISPOSITION to wander about, to seek their fortunes, or see the world, seems to be one of the most common characteristicks of mankind, in all ages and countries. Our own countrymen are perhaps more distinguished for this rambling propensity than any civilized people we are acquainted with. Inhabiting, as they do, a boundless continent, without barriers to circumscribe their motions, or neighbours to arrest their unceasing progress, they spread abroad in every direction, and many of them appear to pass their whole lives in going from one place to another, without doing any thing by the way. What is also worthy of observation, they are generally in so great a hurry that the stage-coaches on the signs are almost all painted as running away, in order to attract passengers.

In such a country, inhabited by such a people, it was to be expected that the mode and means of travelling would be brought to the greatest possible perfection. Accordingly the late Mr. Fulton, by his admirable genius, and still more admirable perseverance, after various efforts, succeeded in what had baffled the ingenuity of the rest of the world, and thus became the tu-

telary genius of travellers. I am not ignorant that since he made this discovery, it has been found out by the investigations of various disinterested persons, that it was no discovery at all, and that there is now hardly a nation of the least pretensions in Europe that did not invent steam-boats, each before the other, and every one previous to Mr. Fulton. That great, and worthy person, indeed, seems likely to exhibit another example of the injustice of mankind. In Europe they are labouring to steal away his reputation; and in the very state where he perfected his discovery, there are those who would deprive his children of the profits of a life of labour, consummated by one of the greatest triumphs of human ingenuity.

Be this as it may, the steam-boats are certainly most admirably adapted to the rambling disposition of the people of this country, and in all probability have increased the force of the habit, by affording such easy means of gratification. Accordingly, at certain seasons of the year, and particularly when our commercial cities become irksome, by their heat and noise, and offensive smells, it would seem that like the Chinese, one half of our people live upon the water. The city buck packs up his multifarious

wardrobe, and hies him away to the springs, Lake George, Niagara, and even sometimes storms the very walls of Quebec; the ladies from the east and south meet on the bloody fields of Ballston and Saratoga, to marshal their crapes and muslins in battle array, and stare at each other like cats in a strange garret; the spruce young shopkeeper begs his fortnight's holiday, while his wary master takes now and then a trip to Long Branch, on a Saturday, and returns on Monday, marvellously refreshed by laying a-ground a few hours at the mouth of Shrewsbury Inlet. In short, the whole world may be seen at this particular season passing and repassing in our steam-boats, and he who would wish to study human characters and manners, in all their endless diversity, need only sail about in one of these floating worlds. Here, seated at his ease, in a splendid parlour, enjoying all the accommodations of the most convenient inn, and advancing rapidly on his way, without anxiety or exertion, he may study at his ease the vast and varied book of life, and note the infinite shades which nature or accident impress upon the human character.

When tired of the sameness of the town, or of my own company, I sometimes put myself and my little portmanteau into one of the steam-

boats, for Brunswick, or Poughkeepsie, and sometimes even as far as Albany. Here, at leisure, and unknown, I can watch the little worrying ants of our mighty molehill, as they run about for profit, or for pleasure, and note their varieties as they pass away, never perhaps to return. I have just come from an excursion of this kind, and am tempted to fill the remainder of this paper with some of the sketches I find in my pocket-book, accompanied by a few hasty reflections, such as occurred to me occasionally.

The first group that attracted my attention, was gathered, as I supposed, around a rosy-faced German, marked with the small-pox, who was exhibiting a little musical box, which played a number of tunes. He was seated next a plain good-humoured looking gentleman, who, I shortly discovered, was the real object of the popular attention, I could hardly tell why, there being nothing particular in his appearance. Presently, however, I discovered from a whisper circulating among the group, that the person who thus excited their curiosity, was an ex-monarch, whom the tempests which so long desolated Europe had cast upon our shores.

This being the first king I had ever seen off the stage, I honestly confess I felt some little awe, and a great deal more curiosity, which I

was resolved to gratify, not only by looking at him, but if possible, by conversing with his majesty, if I could muster sufficient courage. I was not a little surprised to find that though he looked very much like thousands of other people we see every day, still the moment I found out who he was, I actually began to feel that mysterious awe, which it is said overpowers even the hungry lion, when he approaches fallen majesty. I fancied I could detect an indescribable expression of dignified superiority in his good-humoured round face, and would have sworn there was something in his manner of taking snuff that distinguished him from ordinary mortals. One thing particularly pleased me, and this was the amiable benignity with which he occasionally offered a pinch to the proprietor of the musical snuff box.

Seeing him so condescending, I ventured to brush up my rusty old French a little, and request the like favour of his majesty, who very politely gratified me, at the same time making an observation which led to a conversation, in which I discovered that the monarch was a person of extraordinary talents, although I can't just now recollect any thing he said. All I remember is, that the longer we talked, the more easy I felt in his presence, and that at last I had par-

ticular occasion to call to mind the fable of the fox and the lion.

Wishing to convince his majesty that I was not entirely ignorant of the ill-breeding of monopolizing a great man, I retired, under cover of a profound bow, and reverted again to my old amusement, of studying the company, in other parts of the boat. The result of my observations was a conviction there was no instinct at least among us republicans, that enables us to detect a monarch in disguise. Hence I was led to conclude that either it was necessary to be born under a king, to be able to tell one at first sight, or that the outward state and circumstance of royalty had a vast deal to do with that mysterious influence said to accompany it abroad.

But it seems some mischievous, or mistaken person, had pointed out a little squab Englishman, with a round face, red cheeks, and spectacles over a snub nose, as the ex-king. I had my eye upon this person before, and set him down as one of those worthies who come over to this country to compile a quarto of merchantable lies, for the London booksellers. The whisper went round, and my worthy fellow-citizens, who don't mind staring a little at any thing odd or extraordinary, began to make their

approaches by degrees, gradually gathering about, and peeping over each other's heads, at the little squab person in spectacles, who seemed not a little elated with this attention, which, without doubt, he ascribed altogether to his being an Englishman. Several persons, after taking what is called a good look, shrugged up their shoulders very significantly, but said nothing, with the exception of an honest sailor, who swore very emphatically that "Bob Stiles, the boatswain's mate, looked more like a king than he."

This mistake with respect to the real, genuine, legitimate monarch, had like to cause another war of the succession, such as often takes place when a loyal people fall out and cut each other's throats about choosing a master. The party gathered about the Frenchman, maintained with great obstinacy that he was the true monarch, while the adherents of the little Englishman were equally clamorous in support of his right to the vacant throne. In order to allay the violence of these two parties, I was deputed by some of the most moderate, as having before had the honour of conversing with his supposed ex-majesty, to ascertain the truth. Accordingly I ventured to approach him, followed by the two contending powers, and to put the question, which, together with the crowd that

backed me, seemed to alarm him exceedingly. He doubtless supposed that from our hatred to kings, we intended to toss him overboard the moment he was convicted of royalty, and accordingly forthwith started up, pulled off his hat, placed his hand on his heart, and assured me, with a low bow, that he was no king, but a good republican Frenchman, who kept a confectionary, and sold ice creams in Philadelphia. This gross mistake overwhelmed both parties so completely, that by tacit agreement, they forbore to question his other majesty, with the pug nose, who enjoyed his supposed dignity during the rest of the voyage.

Observing this mysterious personage occasionally very busily occupied in making memorandums, I set him down in my own mind, as a compiler of travels, or in other words, a gentleman travelling for the purpose of making up a book about our country, to suit the present English market, as per contract with the London bookseller. Every thing he saw or heard, was forthwith transferred to his memorandum-book, and destined for immortality. It happened that a southern man, and a native of New-England, were bantering each other, as is customary with people from different parts of this country when they meet. The New-Englander brought out

the old stories of iron cages for negroes, dancing without shoes or stockings at assemblies, and gouging at elections; while the other good-humouredly retorted with a certain number of old stories concerning pumpkin pies, apple sauce, and bundling. It was highly amusing to see the busy alacrity with which our traveller transferred all these pleasant tales into his magazine of facts, where they will no doubt make a great figure, and afford a new text to the gentlemen of the *Quarterly Review*. At dinner I noticed he neglected to pull off his hat, until reminded of it by the captain, and used the same knife and fork with which he was eating, to help his neighbours. His whole behaviour, in fact, was that of an under-bred sort of half cockney gentleman, entirely unacquainted with genteel life, and yet I have no doubt he will set us down in his book, as a vulgar people, and talk of the superior politeness of his countrymen, being himself so exquisite a judge of good breeding. Since making the sketch, I have been informed that the person just described is the identical writer of a description of New-York, lately noticed in one of our public papers, and particularly distinguished for its good-humoured misrepresentation.

The next person that happened to fall under my observation, was one of those wandering Po-

lish pedlers, who among the light floating things wafted to our shores by the great tide of emigration, had come to seek his fortune with a little box of silver watches, as they are called by courtesy. These he praised to the skies, at the same time that he found fault with every thing else, in a sort of half soliloquy. He had been he said, in Paris, London, and in all the famous cities of the old world, where his watches were bought with the greatest avidity, by people of the first rank, and much genteeler than any body he had met with in this country. He never saw such people, for his part, not a soul would buy his watches, though the best in the world, and offered at half their value. All this time he was surrounded by a knot of mischievous persons, who bantered and worried him until at last he shut up his little box, and exclaimed to himself as he turned away, with a look of utter despair—"The Yankees are so cunning!"

Turning to another quarter, I chanced to encounter a little lad, who asking me in a foreign accent some questions, which indicated that he was a stranger to the place where he was going. I was tempted to make use of the privilege of my country by questioning him in turn. There was something peculiar in his manners, appearance, and history. The first was strikingly

manly and independent; the second consisted of a fair complexion, light blue eyes, and flaxen hair, curling about his forehead; and the last was as follows:

Though not quite fifteen years old, and very small of his age, he had left his native country, Holland, more than a year ago, in which time he had learned our language very correctly. It seems he was now on his way to Albany, with a quantity of cheap articles of various kinds he had brought over with him from Holland. Was he ever in Albany? No.—Did he know any body there? No.—He was going it seems, by himself, to seek his fortune in a strange land, among strangers, confident in his own skill, or may be, relying on the hospitality of those among whom he had ventured his all. Struck as I was with the fearless gallantry of this little man, I at the same time could not help reflecting with honest pride on a country which held out such a smiling welcome to strangers, that they were tempted, by a generous confidence, to sever the ties of kindred affection, to endure all the privations of a long voyage, nay, to sell themselves to a temporary servitude, in order to throw themselves into her sheltering bosom. Not only the aspiring hopes of youth, but the wary circumspection of age, yield to the temptations held out by a land of freedom, and hither it is that

pilgrims of all ages, sexes, and countries flock, to rear their posterity in the pride of independence, and lay their wearied bones. The glory of the arts, the splendours of arms, conquest, power and dominion, fade into nothing compared with this; nor would I barter the triumphant distinction of being the asylum of the world, for all the triumphs of Grecian wit, and all the conquests of Roman valour.

The story of the little adventurer soon circulated among the passengers, at whose instance he opened a shop on board, where he carried on a brisk trade, and approved himself an adept in making bargains, notwithstanding his youth. Finally, he left us at the end of our voyage, and went on his way rejoicing, bearing with him the warm wishes of us all, that his hopes might be realized, so that he should never repent his generous confidence in following the bright star of the west as his beacon.

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### OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

OUR sole object in carrying on this work being the reformation, if possible, of some pestilent abuses that have lately crept in among us, it is

with infinite pleasure we every day hear of the wonderful changes produced by our strictures on the little eccentricities of the times. Within the last month more than forty letters have been received from different quarters, cheering our very hearts with accounts of most extraordinary reformations, and exhorting us to continue our honest exertions for the benefit of the present, as well as future generations. Indeed these letters are become so numerous, that we have determined to appropriate a portion of our paper for the purpose of noticing them from time to time, under the head of our correspondents. The following, may afford samples of what will be the probable effect of our work, should it be extended to twenty or thirty volumes as we contemplate, unless, as is very probable, our readers become so perfect ere long, as to supercede the necessity of its continuation.

TO LAUNCELOT LANGSTAFF, ESQ.

SIR,—I am, or I was not long since the reigning belle of our village, which is a place of some note, lying on the great road from Boston to the city of Washington. This distinction, in the days of my vanity, I concluded fairly entitled me to a husband, who could afford me a carriage, and a three story house, with a brick front at least. Looking thus forward to a match a little out of the common way, I refused several

young fellows, of good credit and reputation, because they would not furnish me with these essential conveniences. Indeed, as none of the native village beaux, could afford these necessary appendages to a modern matrimonial establishment, I turned my attention to the young city bucks, and gentlemen travellers, who sometimes rode over, to spend a Sunday, or, stopped occasionally in their journeys, from one great city to another. These distinguished strangers are sure to cut out our poor little domestic beaux, who always fall into the back ground on such occasions.

The first of these visitors that seemed worthy of my particular attention, was a young fellow who always came over in a dashing gig, with gilt harness, and a coat of innumerable capes hanging over the back of his vehicle. I dont know whether he had ever fought a duel or not, but he was certainly a youth of great courage, or he never would have ventured his neck in such a ticklish machine, which was at least twelve feet high.

As this stranger supported such a fashionable equipage, and spent a deal of money at the tavern, we all set our caps at him, and as usual, I bore the belle, so that in a little time I began to look forward to the great object of my wishes,

a carriage, and a three story house. Before this happened, however, I went to New York to buy a white satin gown, which between ourselves, I intended for my wedding dress. My very ink turns red, while I inform you, sir, that in one of the very first shops I entered, there I saw my elegant tandem beau, measuring out a yard of ribbon, to a lady's waiting maid, and bowing and smirking behind the counter, just like a monkey, I left the place as fast as I could, and instead of a satin gown, purchased a handsome bible for my aunt Barbara. I immediately resigned all my title to the gentleman, and turned him over to a young friend, who having few pretensions, is quite happy to patronize my discarded beau.

The next visitor that attracted my particular notice, was a young fellow who made his first appearance in a curricle, with a servant behind it, dressed in leather small clothes. He was given out as the sole agent of a great ribbon weaver in the city of Coventry, and nobody doubted either his wealth or his consequence, for he not only abused the waiters at the tavern, but sometimes even bearded the landlord, who was a member of the assembly.

Here was a prize for the belle of a village, where men were almost as scarce as among the Amazons, having almost all of them gone to seek

their fortunes in the back woods, which I wish were burnt up, for my part. This prize, I soon thought myself sure of, when the late war came on, and from that moment my beau began to fade like the leaves in autumn. His style was first claimed by the keeper of a livery stable in Maiden Lane, I think it was, and in the conclusion, the ribbon house failed, on which event my admirer melted into thin air, leaving a large trunk filled with bricks, as security for the payment of his lodgings. I have since heard, he went to England, and wrote a book of travels, in which among other things, he affirmed, that an honest man could not live in this country. I wonder how he knew that, as he never tried the experiment?

After the discomfiture of the ribbon weaver, my rage for foreign conquests died away, and I was fain to content myself with the devoirs of a worthy young man, a native of our village, who had been attached to me a long time, and who I had tolerated, rather than remain quite deserted. Still, I could not bring myself to marry him, as he could not afford the carriage and three story house.

In this situation, I happened to read some of your remarks on modern finery and extravagance, which occasioned me many serious reflections, and almost made me resolve to think on the propriety of abating a little in my pre-

tensions. To deal fairly with you, however, I believe my reformation though begun by you, was completed by hearing a person observe, that "Miss Clementina Yokely, broke very fast."

I have now been six weeks married, to my constant old admirer, and though we keep no carriage, and live in a two story house, my husband is affectionate, and all about us comfortable, so that though I have tried hard, I cant find any thing actually wanting to our happiness.

I am induced to write this letter, first, by a desire to notify all the young ladies of my acquaintance, that it is possible to live in a two story house and walk on foot—secondly, to express my gratitude to you for paving the way to a knowledge of such a valuable secret.

Your obliged and grateful,

CLEMENTINA WELWOOD.

P. S. I must not forget to tell you, that all the young ladies of our village, have lately come to a determination to marry as soon as they get a good offer, and that I intend to call one of our boys Launcelot.

C. W.

TO LAUNCELOT LANGSTAFF, ESQ.

SIR,—I am most particularly indebted to you, for the spirited diversion made in your sixth number, in favour of the people of our village, who for a long time past, had been suffering under the inquisition of the scandalous club. Such is

the wonderful virtue of a little well aimed satire, that tea parties are daily diminishing among us, and even Mrs. Sindefy, has been convicted of three downright good natured speeches. But to my own particular business.

I am—but as I am determined to marry immediately, I will not tell my age till after the wedding—I am a bachelor, and so had resolved to remain, until within a few months past, when I observed a very sensible alteration for the better in several young ladies of our neighbourhood. This every body says is owing to your paper, which is very much read among us, notwithstanding many people think the style not sufficiently elevated for common occurrences. If you could manage to get into the clouds sometimes, and occasionally write so as not to be understood by your readers, I think it would materially increase the number of your admirers.

Not to detain you, sir, and not to lose time, which I cant well spare just now, I write this to let you know that I am going to be married forthwith, and beg you will come to my wedding next Saturday evening precisely at eight o'clock. My bride is a young lady of good family and fashion, who has been so wrought upon by your paper, as actually to attempt the manufacture of a pudding. Although she has not altogether succeeded in this, I assure you I have

it from the best authority, that she came off with flying colours in a gooseberry tart.

Yours in haste, MILES SNIFFEN.

The following is one of six letters from as many different towns, addressed to Evergreen in consequence of his communication on the subject of scandal in a late number. Each of these, has it seems a knot of mischievous people similar to that described by Anthony, and each of course has appropriated the picture to itself, as usual. We are accused by two of the writers of personal allusions, of which we are entirely innocent; but even if we were not so, the practice might be justified by the example of divers famous authors of the town, who meddle with every thing, giving a special preference to those matters of which they are most ignorant, and have as little respect for the characters of their fellow citizens, as a highwayman has for their property.

TO ANTHONY EVERGREEN, GENT.

SIR,—I takethe liberty of addressing you in my own behalf, as well as in the name of a number of other persons nearly in the like situation, in order to express our gratitude for the timely interference which has saved our characters from actual ruin.

I, for my part, am a careless good natured man, who does but little in this world, and says less. I take little interest in the affairs of other

people, and less in my own, having once lost a pretty estate because I did not choose to take the trouble of looking for the title deeds. So far from interfering in the little broils and heart burnings of the village, I always make a point to hear both sides and say nothing. In short Mr. Evergreen, if ever a man deserved to be let alone, I think it was myself. But from various circumstances, it has so happened that not a man in our village has suffered so much from scandal, or provoked so many enemies, merely as it would seem by his desire to avoid doing either.

There being two churches of different denominations in the place, it very naturally happens that little disputes occur, and the congregations of course take sides, displaying more heat than is altogether becoming in such near neighbours. On these occasions, I have always preserved the strictest neutrality, and the farthest I have ever ventured to go towards giving an opinion, after hearing the story, was an expression of "you dont say so"—or, "is it possible!"

My never meddling in the affairs of other people, is construed into a total disregard of their welfare, and by listening quietly to the complaints of two of my neighbours, who are always at variance, and always refer their grievances to my arbitration, I have got the repu-

tation of a double dealer, as each one interprets my silence in his own favour. But what is still more mortifying, my strict neutrality with respect to the church disputes, has actually occasioned me to be branded with the opprobrious epithet of free-thinker.

Nothing was wanting to my complete destruction as a moral being, but an offence, which I committed, by speaking irreverently of canting and hypocrisy in the presence of Mrs. Sin-defy, who immediately took it as a personal reflection. I was hereupon, tried, convicted, and condemned at a special meeting of the club, and in three weeks after, had not a single virtue to cover my nakedness, except a small modicum of good nature, so mixed up with folly, it was not worth having.

At this critical period your paper dropped among us to the great consternation of the club, and the saving of several remnants of reputation that would probably not have survived another meeting. It is entirely owing to this timely check, that I have been enabled to get off with a small particle of character, that in case of accident may possibly save me some day or other, from being hanged on the bare ground of suspicion.

Your everlastingly grateful,

LUKE EITHERSIDE.

P. S. The preacher of the tabernacle takes all the credit of this to himself.

TO LAUNCELOT LANGSTAFF, ESQ.

SIR,—Being reduced by the pressure of the times to the necessity of going to a broker to borrow money, on undoubted security, to my great astonishment he only asked me six per cent. a month. I have been since assured this singular moderation is entirely owing to the apprehensions which the fraternity entertain of being soon particularly noticed in your paper. If so, please to accept my thanks.

Your's truly, ADAM NOLAND.

The following letter, as recording the greatest triumph ever yet achieved by a periodical work, will conclude the present article.

TO LAUNCELOT LANGSTAFF, ESQ.

SIR—If you do not wish to ruin an industrious man, with a large family, I entreat you, worthy Sir, to say no more about the extravagance of the times.

I am a fashionable vender of those elegant and profitable little knick-knacks, that sell for any thing when fashionable, and nothing when out of fashion. My shop is a sort of academy, in which young ladies are instructed in the worthlessness of money, and if you ever happen to pass by it in the dusk of the evening, you will see them receiving lessons by dozens. In the whole course of my business, I can safely say,

I never knew a downright well-bred lady guilty of the vulgarism of declining the purchase of any fashionable article on account of its price, until the other day, when the daughter of one of our richest brokers, actually declined a beautiful cashmere, because it was too dear! I wish you had seen the astonishment of my young gentlemen at this unaccountable phenomenon.

Since this awful indication, several ladies have treated me in the same way, and one of my young gentlemen actually heard the word economy issue from a group of young people, gathered round a trunk of French shoes, whereat he jumped over the counter in a fit of consternation.

I am credibly informed you are at the bottom of all this, and hereby give you fair notice, that if you continue thus to discourage that trade by which we are all so much enriched, I will subsidize some of the best critics about town to run you down in the papers. I have already tried my hand at an article or two, but they say it did not altogether answer.

Your servant, Sir, BARNABY BANDBOX.

We will be obliged to Mr. Bandbox to furnish us with the name of the heroine who so nobly resisted the Cashmere shawl, as Evergreen is so smitten with her self-denial, that he talks seriously of offering her his hand and fortune, provided she is not too old for him.